









valley, and the bleak undulations of dark hills; the broad and shallow stream, murmuring over pebbles, dashed faintly here and there with a pale glimmer that was, immediately beyond, lost beneath overhanging boughs; on a distant hill-side gleamed a hundred fiery mounds where a clearing was being burned over; nearer at hand, by the roadside, slept a half-dozen of the sheltered line. Altogether, the look-out from the window, was one not to be soon forgotten.

Within, the scene was equally striking to a denizen of towns. A bright fire burned upon the hearth, casting flickering shadows about the room; dried meats, and vegetables hung from the ceiling; John Canada sat upon his box, smoking a short pipe, between the whiffs of his stories, in small fragments; two or three neighbors, in their shirt sleeves sat listlessly about, each with his pipe. In one corner, a very thin, dried-up, crusty-looking old fellow, with a red nose, and a continually hungry look, muddled himself in a quiet way, with rum and sugar. The rest all called him "Uncle Paul," and seemed rather to look up to him. So we sat listening to burlesque John's stories.

He had concluded one, wherein he detailed his narrow escape when pursued by a female bear, whose cub he had stolen, and who finally "overcame" him by knocking him "over end" over a fallen log, after which she made off with the cub in her mouth, without so much as injuring him by a scratch, when "Uncle Paul," who had hitherto kept mum, spoke:

"You, all on you, that lives here, remember that bear I trapped for, over to Jake Bean's cornfield?"

The men waked up from their doze, and looked at each other, as who should say, "Now we'll get a story!"

"No," said one of them, "never heard of it."

"That's a little curious," said "Uncle Paul," "he was a duffer of a fellow; must have hefted five hundred-weight, easy. Well, I'll tell ye 'bout it. You see, the bear had been phillandering round some corn-cribs, and had cut up high on the left of Jake's corn, so, one day Jake came over to my house, and says, 'Now, lend me your trap,' says he."

"Bear?" says I.

"Now there's a blamed many ways to catch a bear. Some folks bait 'em with meat, an' set 'em down 'most anywhere in a corn-field. An' some set 'em to come up and put his paw into no such trap as that! He'll spring that trap, easy like, an' carry that bait right off, afterwards!"

"Some fellows'll drive a stake in the ground, and stock corn all around it, an' set the trap—hitched onto the stake, just outside the stock; but if a bear was such a blamed fool as to put his foot in that trap, when he came up to the stock to feed, he'd make it right straight from the mark, an' there wouldn't be much trap left by mornin'."

"You want to fasten a heavy log to the trap, an' let the bear drag it. He won't go far 'fore he'll get tired, an' stop to rest, an' he's easy enough come up with the next day. He leaves his marks where he travels with that trap hitched onto him."

"When Jake came over to borrow my trap I had a kinder idea he wouldn't get it so right."

"Jake," says I, "how are you going to set that trap?"

"Not it!" says Jake, "why same as any other man would," says he.

"How's that?" says I.

"Stake," says Jake.

"Jake," says I, "I've trapped some," says I; "now take my advice, an' let me do it."

"I'll shall the trap to suit myself," says Jake.

"Do!" says I, gettin' a little wrathful, he was so blamed obstinate, "but you never set no trap o' mine, that way!" says I.

"Well," says Jake, "not the trap yourself, if you're so blamed particular!"

"Well, Jake," says I, "I don't care if I do go over, an' then that bear'll get ketchered sure!"

"So I took down the old trap, straightened out all the spikes, hitched on a piece of log-chain, that coudn't break, no ways, and went over with him. I looked over the piece of corn a bit, an' I soon saw where the bear had come in, night after night, till he had trod a path as hard as smooth as the top of that road, yender. (Don't care if I do take a drop more run!) Soon 'I clapped eyes on it I see my way clear."

"I shall ketch that bear," said I, "right in that path; that's so, now!"

"So we hunted up and down till we found a place where the critter had stopped the same foot over a log every time he come, till he'd made a hard, round spot, about the size of a hat."

"Jake," says I, "there's the spot!"

"You won't never get no bear there," says Jake.

"But I knowed bear sure!" "There's the spot," says I.

"Jake didn't say nothin', but he put his hands in his breeches pockets, and kinder whistled, contemptuous like."

"Jake," says I, "you don't know nothin'," says I.

"Maybe I don't," says Jake, "an' then, agin, maybe I do," says he.

"I see he wasn't in a fit state o' mind to argue with, so I went to work fixin' my trap."

"I got a piece of board an' run it under the track, an' lifted the whole thing up, as slick as a pin. Then I dug a hole underneath, an' set the trap. Then I took a strip of hemlock bark an' put the track on it, as smooth as a feather, and set the whole concern down, so it looked as natural as life. Nobody'd a thought nothin' 'd been nigh it. I knowed 'twould ketch the critter."

"Now, Jake," says I, "we'll go home to supper, an' to-morrow we'll ketch the bear's rife!"

"Maybe we will," says Jake.

"Now look a here, Jake," says I, "don't you go to puttin' in none o' your money. Jest you go home, an' that bear's ours, sure!"

Here "Uncle Paul" ceased speaking, and took a small puff at his rum. Then he quietly relapsed into entire silence.

Not a word was spoken in the room.

"Well!" said I, at length.

"Well!" said "Uncle Paul."

"You caught the bear?"

"No I didn't! You see the tarnation case we set—tin that trap, an' he knowed he wasn't safe nowhere about. He aint never been in these parts since!"

My Cambridge friend generously offered to share in the expense I incurred in my misadventure "treat" at the bar that evening.

"I know something about Edward Everett."

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher eagerly.

"He writes for the New York Ledger," the lad read it in nice large letters on the fence as she went home.

Such is "fame."

### Dramatic Feuilleton.

Personal.

Anna Maria having got out of nearly all her difficulties about her "things," has followed her ten trunks up the river. Whiskers and other people who can't see the fun about these leaves, will be glad to know that the subscriber is going almost immediately to look for some greener ones.

"Come into the Garden, Maud."

Such was the remark addressed to A. M. by the young man from Boston, with the weak eyes and high shirt-collar. He has Tenyson in blue and gold, and reads him, as the landlady says, "almost to death." The brightest and the best does not affect the Athenian youth, because he is intellectual and doesn't wait.

But I believe that your thorough New York woman would go to the D. I. if he should give any kind of a show, and so Young Boston toted the dear girl to the Palace Garden, which is not especially palatial nor floral. They have cut off a big slice of it, so that it gives you the idea of a dog who has to wait around without any tail worthy of agitation. But still there is a good promenade, fair larger bear, oceans of shop-girls, riffs of the demi-monde, less which one swallows like the blessed truth of the gospel, with his eyes shut; and a good deal of noise, made by certain well-disposed, but musically insane, Germans.

All this, except the noise, lager, shop-girls, and demi-monde, for a quarter of a dollar.

All this given by the Metropolitan Musical Society (have you ever received, O much enduring and long suffering Editor, "that" list of officers?) for only twenty-five cents. Dordrecht's hand plays the Proteus-march, Scriber blowing himself into a disagreeable perspiration on a shrill trumpet, Bergmann playing the idea of things that only a small minority of the audience understands, and they don't care about 'em, Milla with his fine piano-playing (what a place for an elaborate fantasia or an involved étude), and Mollen-haus with the same violin-solo that we have heard these twenty mortal years.

It is as hard work to give a concert as it is to keep a hotel, and the M. M. S. programme are more ambitious than apropos.

That's my opinion, but as I was filled with wrath against Young Boston, and with grim despair about A. M., I may be prejudiced. A. M. said it was very nice, and Young Boston thought it was almost as good as the Brigade Band on the Common, although very dear. It cost him 75 cts., less and all, and he has only six hundred a year.

But the Pearl of Manhattan leaned heavily on his cane (ready made), and looked up in his eyes as if he really meant it.

It made me think of Prusac acid glass.

But I have concluded to live for Fame and Whiskers.

In Future.

Among the well-defined rumors of the day, I hear that Messrs. Bourciquet and Stuart will probably sell their lease of the property in Union Square, and take the Metropolitan. In the arrangements for next season, Laura Keane's company suffers the most by sections. The names of Blake (who goes to Wallack's), Southern, and Jefferson are missing from her stock-list. Mr. A. H. Davenport, Mr. F. A. Vincent, Mr. G. Boniface, Mr. Mark Smith, and Miss Ada Clifton are among the new engagements. The name of Mr. George Jordan has been mentioned as one of the company of the "fading-note," but I believe that the slayer of crinolines returns to the Creoles and pompadour in Old Orleans.

Aristides Cincinnati Placide.

Mr. Thomas Placide—the amiable, the gentle and obliging Thomas—has concluded his theatrical career in a blaze of glory. Without any manner of doubt, the Varieties Theatre at New Orleans had the very best company in the country, and, barring Wallack's, was the best managed theatre in the Union. It is the property of some wealthy traders, who have, of course, the ideas of traders, or what we call ideas in a conventional way. Well, these worthy dealers in brocade, cotton-balls, cigars, pork, sugar, and molasses, gravitate towards the ballet, incline naturally to legs, adore, I may say, jolles jambes. They fell fast before four legs attached to the persons of two handsome English girls, and demanded for them from the manager a benefit. The sturdy Thomas replied in a stolid manner to that used by the brother who was asked to come down for the relief of a laborer who had fallen from the top of a house, wife and seven children, etc.—that, if these sorts of things were encouraged, there would be no end of laborers falling from all sorts of places. If these particular ballet-angels had a benefit, every other silk-tight divinity might claim one, and the manager's plans for the season upset. Such was the statement of the gentle Thomas to the traders. Argument was had, and many jolles consumed, until finally the manager retired from the concern, to a square mile of land near Corpus Christi, Texas, where he intends to raise cattle and things of that kind.

The script he laid down has been picked up and pocketed by Mr. John E. Owens, a man who goes all over Europe and America chasing up other people's jokes, varnishing them over and bringing them out as his own. He is much liked in Boston, where they appreciate him in exact proportion to their stupidity.

Placide leaves the theatre with the best possible prestige. Thomas, who is a bibliophile, a sportsman, and a first-rate model for a country gentleman, can say to pork and molasses "this here—"

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"Jake," says I, "you don't know nothin'," says I.

"Maybe I don't," says Jake, "an' then, agin, maybe I do," says he.

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P. S. In my next letter I will endeavor to relate the story of my first—and last—panther-hunt.

THE LAST LEADER STORY.

The Salem Register tells a good story of a teacher in a district school in that neighborhood, who is in the habit of questioning the children under his charge as to what they know of various historical characters they happen to meet with in their books. A few days ago the name of Washington occurred in the morning lesson, and those who had anything to say about him were asked to raise their hands. Of course up went all hands, and young America once more paid tribute to him "who was first," etc.

"He never told a lie," shouted one.

"At one of a plate all through the war."

"Never sailed for nine years," cried a third.

"He was the father of his country," piped several.

"Edward Everett is getting wiser by his grave," and so forth.

"Now, then," said the teacher, "who can tell me about Edward Everett?"

No hand was raised.

The teacher, somewhat surprised—"Is there no one here who knows anything about Edward Everett?" No hand was up.

"Well, we shall see what we can find out about Edward Everett before to-morrow."

P. S.—Before school opens, up runs a little girl in great excitement, as the teacher asked the school-room.

would have been in order at any time during the debate.

Considering the weather, however, the setting here is pretty good. The company is a full and good one. The stage-manager should be more particular with his people on the question of clothes. Some of the gentlemen wear coats over their backs, and the ladies ought to be told that there is such a thing as being too gorgeous. Miss Clifton wears, for example, in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," an English country house, a heavy silk dress trimmed with silver fringe. I don't believe that any civilized person, anywhere in real life, ever wore such a thing in the summer season, but they certainly don't do it in England. I am very glad to notice the steady improvement which Miss Clifton is making in almost every essential, and I hope she'll pardon me for suggesting this question of clothes as one worthy of her serious and prayerful consideration.

Striking Novelty.

The stirring drama, "Hercules, or the Death of Bolle," has been brought out at Niblo's Garden. A friend from Athol informs me that it is a good piece with plenty of fine language in it.

Viva Italia!

Decidedly the best thing that the Misses Goughen-helm have done is Brough's burlesque on "Manuello." Miss Joseph plays Manuello a good deal, and part of him, the last scene especially so. If she would only give some of the stage to some one else occasionally, it wouldn't hurt her a bit, and materially assist the ensemble. The acting is all fair, and some of it very good, but the music was wretched. I have no patience with the parody which spoils a musical piece to save a few dollars for an extra instrument or two in the orchestra, and a few chorists on the stage.

The piece itself is very good in its way,—stagnant, of course, but always lively, and at times really witty. A few local hits have been introduced, and do no harm nor good.

"Manuello" has been much relished by our brethren from the South and the rural districts, and will probably remain some time longer on the bills.

Herrn Ullmann and Strakosch have entered into partnership, and the next Operatic season will be an immense one.

Panorama.

A young German named Von Heine, a grocer in New Orleans, had fixed his affections upon a girl who, he soon discovered, was no better than she should be, and her conduct drove him almost to madness. He went with the first company to which he belonged on Sunday, and after the first was over, went on a spree and drank himself into a desperate frame of mind. On Monday, during a sudden accession of frenzy, he put the muzzle of a pistol into his mouth, and shattered his head to fragments by discharging it, thereby ending his troubles and his life together.

An old Dutch farmer, just arrived at the dignity of a Justice of the Peace, had his first marriage case. He did it up in this way. He first said to the man:—"Vell, you wants to be married, do you? Vell you luvish die woman so good as any woman you have ever seen?"

"Yes."

Then he said to the woman, "Vell, do you love die man so better as any man you have ever seen?"

She hesitated a little while, and he repeated:—"Vell, vell, do you love him so vell as to be wife?"

"Yes, yes," she replied.

"Vell, dat ish all any reasonable man can expect. So you are married. I pronounce you man and wife."

The man asked the Justice what was to pay. "No-thing at all," says he, "you are welcome to it, if it will do you any good."

Dr. Hall says that for the period of a month before marriage, and a month after death, men regard their wives as angels.

The Baltimore Weekly Dispatch publishes its list of marriages under the head of "The News of the Week."

The Old Granite State has a sort of free and easy way of doing up an elopement. We see it stated, that one Warren, at Gloucester, N. H., felt that he had an affinity to the wife of William W. H., and finding that Mr. W. had reciprocated it, he had a talk with the husband about it, in the course of which Mr. W. remarked sarcastically to Warren that if he had any better right to his wife than he himself had, he had better take her. Warren replied that he had thought of doing so, and a few minutes after said to Mrs. W., "Come, sit, make haste, we have a long way to go," and they prepared to start. Finding them determined to go, Mr. W. gave his wife some wholesome advice, presented her 75 cents to buy a fan (to cool her off), and Warren, with W. wife, started off on foot, with no luggage or clothing except what they had on, for Manchester.

A young Tennessee girl recently married an entire stranger, alleging that she should have plenty of time to become acquainted with him afterward.

In a recent lecture on marriage, Rev. G. W. Woodruff, of Connecticut, said: "I know of no more distressing thing than a large-hearted, noble, expansive man linked to a petulant, little-souled, hesitating woman, or a noble woman linked to one of these sort, mean little fellows upon mankind. If such is your case, why, get a divorce in Heaven's name, and God help you to it!"

The following is told of Horace Vernet, the celebrated French artist: The artist was coming from Versailles to Paris in the cars. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely and commented upon him, quite freely, upon his countenance, his hair, his eyes, his military costume, etc. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travellers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity, he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. Presently they arrived at Paris; and Vernet, on leaving them, said: "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry: Which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"

In the Court of Sessions, last week, George Meyer, indicted for murdering his wife by beating her to death, pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the first degree, and was sentenced to the State Prison for life.

The Superior Court has denied the application of Edwin Forrest for a commission to enquire into the habits and customs of his divorced wife in California.

A woman named Oakes was had up recently for beating her husband. On being sentenced to imprisonment, she remarked that it was very hard a woman was not allowed to thrash her own Oakes.

Some eight or ten weeks since, my Boston Journal, a girl sixteen or seventeen years of age, passing down some ordinary personal attractions, and maintaining an irreproachable reputation, eloped with a man now doing business in this city, to whom she was married, and until four or five days since the couple lived happily together in a respectable family in a suburban town. Last Monday she obtained the consent of her husband to attend a circus-exhibition in a town adjoining that in which they reside, he advising her to take another female member of the family for company, but the latter was prevented from accompanying him, and she went alone, returning home very early last week. The day following she appeared somewhat differently from usual, which fact was observed by the family. The next morning (Wednesday) the husband came to the city as usual, notifying the family that she should be detained until late. The young wife appeared throughout the day to be a little dejected or somewhat unwell, but took no unusual notice of the family. Early that evening, as she appears, she cut her hair short.

dreamed himself in a suit of her husband's clothes, left the house by a window, and walked thirteen miles to Lawrence, where she inquired if the circus was there, and finding that the circus had gone to Lowell, she proceeded thence to that city, where she was found yesterday morning, and immediately brought to this city in an insane state of mind, and is now at the residence of her mother in Beach street. It appears that since her marriage she has received quite a number of anonymous letters, representing her husband as being unworthy of her. He has also been ascertained that among the members of the circus-troup was a young man with whom she was acquainted, but whether or not he is the author of the anonymous letters which are believed to have produced this state of her mind is not known.

It is said that Mr. Greeley intends to spend a week among the Mormons.

According to the Courier de Nassy, there are at present in London (which contains nearly three millions of inhabitants),—

1,862 wives who have left their husbands to follow their lovers.

2,571 husbands who have run away from their wives.

4,120 couples living apart by consent.

191,320 couples living under the same roof in a state of warfare.

102,320 couples hating each other cordially, but making, in public, their ferocious hatred under a forged politeness.

510,182 couples living in a state of indifference to each other.

1,102 couples reputed happy by the world, but who are not quite so in reality.

135 couples happy in comparison with others more unhappy.

7 couples really and truly happy.

Practically says that two young Cincinnatians ran away with a couple of vessels from that city last week. The vessels were of that kind that St. Paul calls the weaker vessels.

On Thursday, June 24th, COURT LOUIS KARNER was married at No. 245 Fifth street, to Mrs. ANNE F. JOHNSON, only daughter of the late Samuel Prior, Esq. of Oyster Bay, L. I.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.—Madison and Fifth avenues were in a state of great excitement as the weather would permit yesterday morning, in consequence of the marriage of Mr. George G. Barnard, Recorder of the city and county of New York, to Miss Annie Anderson, daughter of Mr. John Anderson, whose name is identified with the Lorillard, Gileys, and Lillienhals, in the tobacco-trade of the metropolis. Mr. Anderson has, by his tact, industry and perseverance, accumulated a princely fortune, and the cordials and toasts of the bride were something magnificent. The ceremony was performed at the Reformed Dutch Church, corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street, at eleven o'clock. The church was entirely filled, and the audience was a great many exceedingly pretty women (brides in expectancy), and a crowd of politicians, more or less distinguished. Among the latter class were, Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster, and one of the groomsmen; Mr. John W. Forney, of Philadelphia; and Mr. Clancy, County Clerk. Subsequently to the ceremony the bride and invited guests were entertained at a magnificent dinner à la fourchette, at the residence of Mr. Anderson, in Madison avenue. The whole affair was done up in grand style, and some two thousand invitations were issued. The Recorder, who has in his time sentenced a great many people, received the edict that terminated his bachelor life with the utmost equanimity; the bride was charming, and every one gave the warmest expression to his congratulations. As we have stated above, the Recorder seemed rather to enjoy his captivity, and it is therefore quite certain that he deserves it. He will take a room from his official duties till August.—Braid.

Henry Lee, a gallant avian of 70, and Cynthia Fells, a charming damsel of 23, have eloped from the Fall River Almshouse, and go to parts unknown.

A newly married pair in Worthington were surrounded with tin pans, horns, and every other imaginable instrument of discord and confusion, for two nights in succession. Their patience giving out the second night, the husband threatened the disturbers with prosecution, but they still not leaving, he fired a charge of shot among them. Seventeen of the shot took effect in the legs of the serenaders, and without doing any permanent injury, has probably worried them enough to teach them a salutary lesson.

The Circuit Court of New York has decided that a wife has a pecuniary value. A man sued the Hudson River Company for \$5,000, for the loss of his wife, who was killed by an accident on that road. The defence set up, that no pecuniary damage had been sustained, but the jury thought otherwise, and decreed the bereaved husband \$2,000.

One Thing and Another.

A German writer observes that in the United States there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

Did you see "Ary Schaffer?" inquired an artist of a traveler who had just returned from Paris. "Nary Schaffer," was the reply.

It is said that Mrs. Browning's new poem about Man, is published as a companion to "Aurora Leigh," will be called "A Roaring Lay."

On George Johannes (not Jones) play Hamlet? No, Count Johannes—nay, George Jones.

The trustees of the "Dudley Observatory" state that Prof. O. M. Mitchell of Cincinnati, has accepted the office of director of the institution, and is now discharging the duties of his office. Dr. Francis Brunner of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has accepted the office of associate director, and has already commenced observations, assisted by Mr. Bennett, astronomer of Dr. Kane's Expedition. Prof. Mitchell and Dr. Brunner will both reside at Albany, but the Cincinnati Observatory will for the present be under the direction of Prof. Mitchell. His heretofore published in the city of Albany.

Customer to restaurant man: "Boy!" Restaurant man: "Don't call me a boy, sir—I'm no boy, sir." Customer: "Then do as you'd be done by, and don't call this old mutton what you are."

An ancient Massachusetts silver coin, bearing date 1652, was found recently at Nantucket. The *supra* says:—"It is about the size of a dime; around the edge on one side is the inscription, 'Massachusetts,' and on the other, 'New England.' It is embellished with the well-known pine tree, and its legal value, we suppose, indicated by the mark III. plainly stamped on one side."

A Yankee of genius, by no means a lubber, invented some ships built of stout India-rubber. Which would swell in half as time as all over creation. So, thinking he'd found out a boon for his nation, The Congress he offered his rubber-ship fleet, Which he gained credit for, and a very good boat, But Congress his vessels thought fit to decline, Last in sailing across he should rub out the line!

A promising boy, not more than five years old, bearing some resemblance to his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and he knew it wasn't true, for his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

"When I was in Paris," says Lord Randolph, "I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and, on taking leave of him, I offered him any service in London." Then, said the man, bowing, "I should like it as a particular favor if you would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance."

"Charlie," says a girl, "and a loving mother to her husband, one, just bidding him to be careful, 'Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy.' 'I guess I won't,' said the mother, 'sighed Charlie, 'I've got some tobacco.'"

It is proposed to christen the White House at Washington, "The Lying-to-and-out-Away-um."

The English have shown much practical good sense in limiting their French neighbors by introducing comfortable arm-chairs in St. James Park. When will some public spirited old apple-bob do as much for our comfort in Union Place and Washington Square.

A correspondent suggests that in honor of Mr. Beecher's military exertions for Kansas, and the war-like energy displayed by the ministers in England, the name of the Minie rifle should be changed to the Minister's rifle, and asks, whether for a person to discourse of war-matters and other subjects beside religion is not to follow St. Paul and "magnify his office?" We give the suggestions for what they are worth.

A Washington clergyman, a Sunday or two since, while stating a deficiency in the collections, remarked that since the issue of three cent pieces, the revenue of his church had decreased nearly one half!

An old woman to whom a Buffalo sharper owes several hundred dollars, which she cannot get, has adopted the expedient of taking her knitting-work and sitting, from morning until night, under a tree in front of his residence.

An exchange says: "So constant and lavish is the adulation bestowed by Mr. Beecher's admirers on all he says and does, that we verily believe that if the star-stricken suffered the agonies of delirium tremens and his ravings were taken down by a stenographer and published, they would be received, read, and valued by his admirers as pure gospel." A fair hit.

While an eccentric preacher in Michigan was holding forth not long since in Detroit, a young man rose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The stunner stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I will," went on.

### Advertisements.

N. B.—No arrangement of any kind can be made for editorial notices of articles advertised in The Saturday Press. Such notices may appear, but they will, in all cases, be purely voluntary, and will be inserted according to subordination, according to the opinion of the Editor, who recognizes no relation whatever between the editorial and the business departments of the paper. The notice becomes necessary from the fact that respectable houses are constantly sending us unsolicited prepared puff, which they expect us to insert—according to the custom of other journals—expressing the views of the Editor.

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